



J. M. FERRES, EDITOR.

Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.

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NO. 11.

POETRY.

There is a beautiful moral in the following effusion from the ever sweet muse of Mrs. SIGOURNEY:

The Lady-Bug sat in the rose's heart,
And smil'd with pride and scorn,
As she saw a plain dressed Ant go by,
With a heavy grain of corn.
So, she drew the curtains of damask round,
And adjusted her silken vest,
Making her glass of a drop of dew
That lay in the rose's breast.

Then she laughed so loud that the Ant looked up
And seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice but travell'd on
At the same industrious pace.
But a sudden blast of autumn came,
And rudely swept the ground,
And down the rose with the Lady-Bug bent,
And scatter'd its leaves around.

Then the houseless lady was much amaz'd
For she knew not where to go,
And hoarse November's early blast
Had brought with it rain and snow;
Her wings were chilled & her feet were cold,
And she wished for the Ant's warm cell,
And what she did, in the wintry storm,
I'm sure I never could tell.

But the careful Ant was in her nest,
With her little ones by her side,
She taught them all, like herself to toil,
Nor mind the sneer of pride;
And I thought, as I sat at the close of day,
Eating my bread and milk,
It was wiser to work and improve my time,
Than be idle and dress in silk.

THE CASE OF ROBINSON.

Few criminal causes have ever occurred which have created so intense an interest as this. It is said to be one of the most 'serious, important and interesting cases' that was ever brought before a court of justice in New York. The trial commenced on Thursday last, 2d inst., before Judge Edwards. Before the opening of the court there was a greater number of persons in and around the City Hall than any three courts in this city could contain. The following is the sum total of the evidence given in on the first day, as reported by the New York Evening Star. We shall continue the report, believing that good may result from the perusal of every fact relating to this horrible affair.

COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER.

Trial of Richard P. Robinson for the murder of Ellen Jewett.
FIRST DAY.—JUNE 2.

At ten o'clock the doors of the Court were opened and it was almost instantaneously filled with as many people as it could contain. During the day's proceedings, which lasted until ten at night, Robinson maintained the same firmness of demeanor and command of countenance which he displayed throughout the entire transaction. He looked on and listened as if he was an unconcerned spectator. The press has already given the details of this dire event; the arrest and examination of the accused the evidence before the Coroner's Jury, the police examination, &c. &c. &c., so that no part of the testimony thus far has developed any new fact, or given any new coloring to the case. Rosina Townsend, the keeper of the Thomas street house, is of course, the principal witness. She is a shrewd intelligent woman, apparently thirty years of age, with a clear full voice unembarrassed air, and a countenance agreeable without being handsome. She was subjected to a most close and rigorous cross examination. The amount of her testimony briefly was that Ellen Jewett was a boarder in her house, and that the prisoner Robinson, going under the assumed name of Frank Rivers, was in the habit of visiting her, together with another person named Bill Easy. That Frank Rivers being a favourite, Ellen Jewett requested Mrs. Townsend not to admit Bill Easy that Saturday evening should he call, but if Frank Rivers inquired for her to admit him. About nine o'clock a knock was heard at the door, and she demanded 'who was there,' the answer was 'I wish to see Miss Jewett.' She repeated the demand, and the same answer was given. She was satisfied that it was not Bill Easy's voice, but was not sure it was the voice of Frank Rivers. However she opened the door, and the light of the hall lamp fell full upon the face of the prisoner who had a cloak and hat on. She swears positively it was him. He passed her and muffled up his head with his cloak, and ascended the stairs. She called Ellen Jewett out of the parlour, and told her that Frank Rivers was come. Ellen came out of the room, and she heard her say to him, while ascending the stairs 'My dear Frank, how glad I am to see you.' About eleven o'clock Ellen came to the head of the stairs, and asked Mrs. Townsend for a bottle of Champagne, and waited to receive it.—The champagne being in a basket in the closet, she called to Ellen and said, 'you are in your night clothes, I will bring it up.' Accordingly she brought it up, and throwing open the room door, saw the prisoner in bed with a candle on his pillow, in a reclining posture

reading a paper. A glass lamp was also burning on a small table near the bed on which were books. Ellen took the champagne, drew the cork, and invited Mrs. Townsend to take a glass, which she declined doing. This gave her time, as she says, to notice the prisoner in a particular manner. She admitted that two persons by the name of Frank Rivers were in the habit of visiting her house. About 12 o'clock she went to bed; and after her first nap, without being able to tell the hour, she heard some one knock at her door, saying 'I wish to be let out,' she answered, 'your woman must let you out.' She heard no more, and went again to sleep; about 3 o'clock, as she believes, a knock was heard at the front door—she arose and let in the person, and on passing the parlour, was surprised some one had risen as the back door was open. She waited for some time and called to know who was there, and not receiving any answer, she barred the door, took the lamp and went up stairs. One room to which a glass lamp belonged, she found locked; and on trying Ellen's door it opened, and volumes of smoke issued. She gave the alarm—the whole house was roused—the watch called in—water poured and thrown on the bed, and in examining the same found Ellen Jewett dead—partly burnt and the whole of the bed clothes consumed. The six lodgers, in the hurry and confusion, made their escape.

Dr. David L. Rodgers proved the nature and described the character of the wound which he believed was inflicted with a heavy instrument, and produced instantaneous death.

Richard Eldridge, a watchman, who had finished his tour of duty came into the house, and was informed by Mrs. Townsend of the murder. It was dark & stormy and he took a lamp to go into the yard, to look round and see what he could discover but the wind blew it out. He and the other watchmen remained in the parlour until daybreak, when Mrs. Townsend suggested that as it was now light, they had better go into the yard and see what they could discover. They both went, and on climbing the fence looking into the yard of the house fronting on Hudson street, about the middle of the yard a cloak was found and on returning with it a few inches from the fence in Mrs. Townsend's yard he picked up a hatchet or small axe, which he says had no blood on it but was wet with dew and rust. The axe the watchman kept possession of for a half hour, examined it frequently, and locked it up in a room with the cloak to hand it to the coroner, and on his arrival gave him the key of the room to get the articles. The watchman is positive that the axe or hatchet while in his possession had no piece of string or twine around it, yet when the Coroner shewed it to him again, it had a piece of twine around it. He also swore that no person could have escaped from the yard in which the cloak was found, excepting by going through the house fronting on Hudson street.

SECOND DAY.—JUNE 3.

The mob actually took possession of the court room yesterday, and lined all the avenues of the city Hall, and so unruly and determined were they that Judge Edwards was compelled to abandon the Bench & require the Sheriff & his Officers to clear the court.—This prevented the trial proceeding until nearly twelve o'clock, when order was restored. The difficulty arose from not preventing a rush of the people at an early hour, & all such difficulties must result from not taking proper preventive measures. Mobs are to be prevented not put down.

Mr. Schureman, the Coroner, was first examined, who stated that at an early hour he was called to the house of Rosina Townsend, and while there and before the Jury was empanelled, one of the officers or watchmen found the cloak in the adjoining yard, and the hatchet in the yard of Mrs. Townsend. In consequence of some previous conversation on the subject, he was induced to examine the tassel of the Cloak, and there was a piece of twine attached to it, but he does not recollect seeing a piece of twine around the hatchet—there did not appear to be blood on the hatchet, it was wet and covered with dew and something like rust. The cloak and hatchet were locked up in a room to be submitted to the Coroner's Jury. The cross examination of the Coroner was close on every point, and he admitted that it might be possible that the hatchet might have been tied to the twine of the cloak, in placing them both for safe keeping, and that the hatchet might have been severed in producing the same before the Coroner's Jury.

George W. Noble, is assistant Captain of the watch, and was called to Thomas street early in the morning. He repaired there before day, and about day light one of the watch found the cloak in the adjoining yard

and the hatchet in Mrs. Townsend's yard. There was a close examination of this witness in relation to the twine on the cloak and hatchet. About seven o'clock, this officer and Brink the marshal, went down in a carriage to Dey street, to the house where Robinson boarded, and on knocking at his door he was found in bed with a young man, and on being awakened and requested to get up and dress himself, he made no objection and did so with promptness. When dressed, some conversation ensued respecting a cloak, Robinson stated that he owned no other cloak than an old camblet one. His friend accompanied him in the carriage to Thomas street. This witness testified that both sides of his pantaloons were marked with white wash or something white, but could not say whether it was lime or not.

Dennis Brink, the marshal, was then sworn who stated that he was very early in Thomas street, and related the particulars of finding the cloak and hatchet as the preceding witness testified, but distinctly declared that there was a piece of twine on the hatchet when he first saw it, and also a corresponding piece on the tassel of the cloak, which seemed to have been cut asunder. This witness related the circumstance of going down to Dey street after Robinson, the manner of his being awakened and much the same as detailed by Noble the preceding witness, in relation to the cloak, Brink told him he wished him to go to the police office with him, and to dress himself or finish dressing himself for that purpose—he also said he discovered something white on his pantaloons, which at that time did not occupy his attention.

He asked whether his room mate could go with him, which was assented to, and they all got in the carriage and proceeded on Broadway and so to Thomas street. On arriving at the house and seeing the fence whitewashed, he looked at his pantaloons and found below the knee of the right leg the whitewash spoken of before. Witness saw a small carpenter's bench in the yard, which might have assisted any person to have got over the fence. The witness said he obtained the prisoner's trunk and bureau and a miniature, but found no letters. On cross-examination, Brink admitted that he was sent for by Mrs. Townsend whenever there were rioters there, and has visited the house on official duties; knows nothing of Mrs. Townsend's circumstances. He was closely cross-examined in relation to his conversation with Robinson at his lodgings relative to the cloak, and some small discrepancies appeared in his testimony.

Charles Tyrell sworn: was an acquaintance with the prisoner at the bar, and boarded with him in Dey street and remembers to have walked with him on the Saturday night previous to the murder up Broadway as far as Beekman street: he wore a dark colored cloak, and he thinks a cap, and he left him at the pailings of the brick church, and he thinks he went towards the Park; the cloak was dark, with velvet collar and facings; he said he was going to Clinton Hotel, but he did not go in. He and the boarders used to joke each other about a girl called Ellen but he never heard her surname. He was in the boarding house when Robinson took the cloak either from his bed or his trunk, knows not which; but saw him put it on and had there been a hatchet attached to he would have seen it. He again opened the cloak at the head of Dey street, and again at Beekman street, but there was no hatchet attached to it. Robinson appeared to be in a calm cheerful state of mind at the time; and said he was 19 years old that very evening, and spoke of it with pleasure. Witness has frequently seen prisoner wear a dark colored cloak in the evening and has not seen a cloak of that description since that evening in his room.

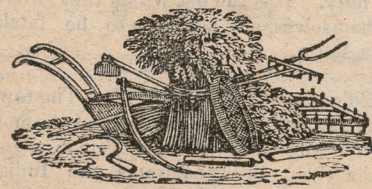
Elizabeth Saltus being sworn, said, she knew Mr. Robinson before the 9th of April, probably seven weeks and had seen him at Mrs. Townsend's, and he came to see her and no other person that she knew of—she did not see him on the 9th April, the night previous to the murder. He passed by the name of Frank Rivers and generally wore a cloak—a dark cloth cloak with black silk cord and tassels, one of which had been broken off and sewed on again. She was at Mr. Townsend's house at the time the cloak was found on the Sunday morning, and before it was found, stated that the tassel had been broken off and sewed on again, and says that it is the cloak that Rivers wore to the best of her knowledge and belief. There were two persons called Frank Rivers who visited the house. She knew Ellen Jewett; but never knew her to have any quarrel with the girls of the house. The person who knocked at the door at 3 o'clock on the morning of the murder, came to see her, and was in her room about a quarter of an hour before the alarm was raised. She heard Ellen

Jewett call to Mrs. Townsend for a bottle of champagne. Rivers had told her that he had been out sleigh riding, and broke off the tassels of his cloak, and that his tailor had sewn it on. On a cross examination, the witness said she had talked with Mrs. Townsend about the murder of this day, and on the morning of the occurrence. She would not swear to the cloak, but she thinks she could as to the tassel, although there was nothing peculiar in it. Witness was 19 last day of April, and lived with her mother previous to living with Mrs. Townsend, which was nearly two years. The other Frank Rivers visited her also; they have come together; both, at different times, have worn cloaks and Boston wrappers. Miss Jewett had a watch and chain and three rings; Mrs. Townsend had them on the morning of the murder. Both Frank Rivers visited Miss Jewett. She had heard that, on Saturday nights, a person not the prisoner, was in the habit of visiting Ellen Jewett. She never saw a thin part or bald place on Robinson's head, as testified by Mrs. Townsend.

James Wells, a porter at Mr. Hoxie's store, was then sworn.—He testified, that there was a hatchet he used in the store to split up wood, which he saw he thinks the last time on the Wednesday previous to the murder.—Robinson was in Mr. Hoxie's employ at the time. On being shown the hatchet, he says it is the same, and had no doubt of it. About five o'clock on the Saturday he was at the store; probably staid later. He spoke in high terms of his amiability and good temper. He never saw a bald place on his head. He painted Mr. Hoxie's store white on the preceding Friday, which was easily brushed off on the clothes.

Emma French was then sworn.—She also resided at Mrs. Townsend's at the death of Ellen Jewett, and knew the prisoner as Frank Rivers, and had seen him four or five times; he was there on the Saturday night when the murder was committed; dressed in a hat and cloak; she saw him between nine and ten o'clock, when standing at her room door, which she opened, as she expected some one, as he entered the front door. On her cross examination, she said she could not swear positively that it was Robinson who entered, as he muffled himself up in his cloak. She described the alarm of fire, and the discovery of the murder, and admitted that several persons were on the stairs when the watchmen came in, who afterwards left the house.

AGRICULTURAL.



From the Albany Cultivator.

RUTA BAGA.

'The substitution of green crops (principally turnips) for fallow, on all but stiff clay lands, has been the greatest of all improvements ever made in agriculture; and has effected as great and beneficial a revolution in it, as the introduction of the steam engine and the spinning frame has done in manufactures.—Edinburg Qr. Review.

The turnip culture began in Great Britain about sixty or seventy years ago, and the ruta baga was of far more recent introduction.—It has led to the principal improvements in British husbandry. Since its introduction, the weight of neat fat cattle and sheep, has been doubled; an excellent improving rotation of crops has been introduced; lands have increased in fertility, and, where the turnip culture has most prevailed, have quadrupled in products; and the farmer has been enabled to enjoy more largely of the profits of the soil and the comforts of life. The United States are capable of deriving as great advantages from the turnip culture as Great Britain has experienced; for although in the north the roots must be drawn and secured for winter use, the extra labor is fully compensated by the greater advantage our stock derives from their succulent qualities during our long winters, confined as they ordinarily are, to dry fodder. The Swedish turnip, or ruta baga, possesses manifest advantages over all other species of the turnip. It gives a greater product; it is more nutritious; it improves by keeping, and by enlarged size—the heavier being richer in nutriment than the light; and it may be fed till June or July. We are now feeding our last crop, May 14, and have a supply, in good condition, for three or four weeks.—We hazard little in saying, that the quantity raised in northern and western New-York last year, was four times as

great as in any former year, and that most of the farmers who raised them are preparing to extend their culture. But as the business is new with many, we shall venture to prescribe directions, though for the tenth time, for their culture, with the view of encouraging and aiding beginners.

The Soil.—All turnips do best upon a light sandy, gravelly or loamy soil. They do not prosper in a stiff clay, and will not thrive where it is wet. The Swede, in addition to a light soil, requires one that is rich, and which should at least be made so by a good dressing of manure, preparatory to sowing the seed.

Preparation of the Soil.—If an old stiff sod, it may be ploughed the preceding fall, or early in the spring, the manure spread, the ground cross-ploughed, and harrowed before planting. If a young clover lay, which we deem best, it may be mown in June, manured, ploughed, and well harrowed immediately preceding the sowing. If tilled ground, manure and plough deep, and harrow. The soil then contains air & moisture, both essential to the germination of the seed.

Mode of Sowing.—It is best to sow in drills, at 27 to 30 inches apart. This facilitates the after culture, and permits the surface of the soil to be kept loose, and pervious to heat, air and moisture, the prime agents of vegetable nutrition. A drill barrow greatly economises this labor. With it a man will put in four or five acres in a day.—Ement's, Robins', or any drill in common use, will answer.—In Great Britain, it is a common practice to drill upon ridges, which is done thus: when the ground has been properly prepared, furrows are first drawn at the distance designed for rows, in which the manure is placed; two furrows are then gathered over the manure, the seed is drilled upon these ridges, and a light roller is passed over, either before or after the seed is deposited. We have tried this mode, but think it preferable to spread the manure, and drill in the seed upon a level surface. In damp or cold grounds, or to economise manure, the ridge system may be preferable. Bone manure is now extensively used in Britain with this crop. It is placed in the drill with the seed, at the rate of 20 to 25 bushels the acre, and tends powerfully to augment the product.

Time of Sowing.—Cobbett recommended 25th June at Long Island. We prefer the first of July, at Albany. Much depends on the soil, the aspect and fertility, the coldest and poorest land, and northern aspect, to be sown first. We recommend, that in the extreme north, and in elevated cold districts, the sowing be done from the 10th to the 20th June; in our latitude, upon warm soils, from the 20th to the 30th June, and later as we proceed south; and that far to the south, they should not be sown till the summer heats have abated—say the last of August. The Swede is a hardy plant, native of a northern climate, and grows until the ground is absolutely frozen.—Hot weather is unfriendly to a good crop of roots.

Quantity of Seed.—We allow a pound to the acre, though less suffices. It is better to have an excess of plants, to be thinned on cleaning the crop, than to have vacancies. The seed is of little value compared to the roots which it produces. If sown broadcast, more seed is required than when sown in drills; though we think a pound enough even when sown broadcast.

After Culture.—This consists in keeping the ground free from weeds, the surface loose, and in thinning the plants to the proper distance. The corn cultivator is principally employed. It should be passed through as soon as the rows can be well distinguished. It mellowes the ground, & destroys the weeds in the intervals, before they attain much size. It should be passed both ways in the same interval, in order to perform the work well. The turnip hoe, described and figured in our last volume, may then follow to clean the rows and thin the plants, which should not be left to grow at less distance than eight or ten inches. Two cleanings with the hoe are all that will be required at most. The crop may be dressed thrice with the cultivator with advantage, whether there are weeds or no weeds.

Time of Harvesting.—As we have remarked, the roots continue to grow till checked by frost; and as the late harvested keep best, and the tops longest, the ruta baga crop may stand late. The ground is often partially frozen, or covered with snow, before it is gathered; and it has stood in the ground all winter, particularly the last one, with but partial injury.

Mode of Harvesting.—The roots may be mostly pulled by the hand, and they may be topped and tailed, with a bill-hook or heavy knife, separately as they are drawn, or laid upon the ground in rows and then topped with a knife as they lay.

They should be gathered in dry weather, and secured in cellars or pits as soon as the exterior is somewhat dry, and not exposed to frost after they are pulled, though a smart frost does them no injury while in the ground.

Preserving the Roots.—Small quantities may be stored in cellars; but the main reliance of those who cultivate on a large scale, must be pitting in the field. For this purpose, select a sandy dry situation, not liable to be inundated by water, open a pit from two to four feet deep, as the dryness of the situation will allow, two & a half or three feet wide, and as long as may be convenient. Fill it with the roots, and raise them 18 or 24 inches above the surface of the ground in the form of a ridge; cover slightly with straw, and then with dirt. Then with a crow-bar make holes at every two or three feet upon the crown of the ridge, and put into each a wisp of straw, that the impure, or rarified air, may at all times freely pass off.

Use of the Crop.—The tops, which are abundant, may be fed in the cattle yard, with great advantage to the stock and the dung heap. The roots constitute an excellent food for cattle, sheep, hogs and horses, from November to June, though the latter often at first reject them unless they are first steamed or boiled. They increase the milk of cows, without imparting their flavor to the milk or butter where the animals have daily access to salt. They are peculiarly beneficial to sheep in the late winter and spring months, especially to ewes having lambs. Neat cattle and sheep are fattened upon them with facility...the former consuming from two to four bushels per diem, with straw or a little hay. Hogs thrive upon them.

THE PRINCE OF CAPUA AND MISS PENELOPE SMITH.

The following is an extract of a letter from the London Morning Herald, dated Madrid, Feb. 22.

Four days since a travelling carriage, with, as it was said, an English family, came in by the Valencia road, and stopped at Genie's hotel, in the Calle de la Reyna. The gentleman was young and handsome, the lady eminently so; and both had all the appearance of being of the first class of society. The arrival of an English lady at Madrid is rather an event, and every one was anxious to learn who our beautiful country woman was; but a strange mystery seems to hang about the party; and neither the gentleman nor his servants would give their names at the hotel; and when the Majordomo spoke of the police, they snapped their fingers, and said the police was not for them. The public curiosity was excited by all this, and still more so when it was known that M. Mendizabel had called twice, and was closetted with the gentleman, and that two communications were passed to the Queen at the Pardo. I chanced to live in the same hotel, and the gossip of the servants found its way to my room; and each day the wonder still grew more, as there was no application made from the party at the English Legation, and it was uncertain even if they were a married couple, or lovers, or brother and sister, as they had separate chambers, the lady's maid always sleeping in the same room with the mistress, and an upper servant, as companion in that of the master. Their appearance excited great interest, as he was a young man of 22, very handsome, tall, and well formed, though perhaps his hair, not red, but bordering upon it, might be considered a defect; and she was absolutely an angel, with a face full of beauty, deep blue eyes, fair hair, and a person without a fault. For three days their secret was preserved, but at length an accident brought to light, and we have discovered in the young pair of wanderers no less important personages than Prince Charles of Naples, and Miss Penelope Smith, about whose runaway match so much has been said and sung; and the funny part of the story is, that no one can tell whether they are married, or come here to be married, or on the road to Gretna Green, where the blacksmith laughs at the threats of Kings as well as fathers. He is, however, a brother of the Queen Regent, and he perhaps came to his sister for advice, as she knows how to manage in equally difficult matters; or, perhaps, imagining that M. Mendizabel, by his vote of confidence, has the power to secure him the succession, notwithstanding the anger of his brother and the rage of the Neapolitan people.

Miss Penelope Smith is an Irish lady, who swept down in her time all her rural beauties of the county of Waterford, and I well recollect her at the Cork Assizes, with a train of feathers and a train of fops as long as Mr. O'Connell's tail. She afterwards levied homage in Dublin, and, as Lady Morgan says, at the castle, till not a heart was left for others, or a husband for her. She then shot down the Rue de la Paix, went like a meteor through half Europe, till she shone in the eternal city, like the Goddess of beauty, come back to earth and not a great man in Rome who did not worship at her shrine. A duel took place on her account on the Neapolitan frontier, between an English gentleman and an Italian Nobleman, in which the latter was killed; and as it was the pistols of the Prince Charles, which he had lent to the Englishman, which had shot the Duke, his name was called in question, and from his name his heart, till every one saw that the legitimate succession would be endangered. On this, Miss Penelope Smith, who had come over to Naples, was advised by the police to return to Rome, which hint she took, but Prince Charles

quickly followed her, and one bright day both were found wanting, and were not heard of till they reached Florence, from whence they went to Switzerland, and have come by way of Marseilles to Valencia and Madrid to create a sensation, and to divide the public attention from the projects of the Government.

Some people say that this marriage is M. Mendizabel's grand secret, and that the Prince has just reached in time to reveal it to the Cortes, while others hint that he has come to keep his sister in countenance, and that the *menage* of the Prince of Capua and Miss Penelope Smith is intended as a *pedant* to the domestic manners of the Queen and M. Munos. Whatever may be the result, no one can deny that the Prince is a handsome, spirited young fellow, who gives up probably a throne for the lady of his love, and that Miss Penelope Smith is as beautiful as the day, and worthy of being St. Patrick's wife in the other world for the lustre she has shed in this *enlevement* on old Ireland, and the county of Waterford in particular, and the Castle of B—l—y, above all, where she first saw the light, and where, if she only conducts the Prince of Capua, Mr. O'Connell will give him a seat in Parliament, and perhaps a share of the *rint*.

ROBINSON.

On Wednesday morning last, the jury in the case of Richard P. Robinson, arraigned for the murder of Ellen Jewett at New York, after an absence of fifteen minutes, returned a verdict of Not Guilty, and the prisoner was forthwith discharged. The announcement is said to have been received with loud and boisterous cheers by the people, in and outside the Court. When the verdict was pronounced, Robinson, for the first time during the trial, exhibited signs of emotion and burst into tears. In a few minutes afterwards he left the court, leaning on the arm of his relative and employer, Mr. Hoxie. The New York Evening Star says:

'We never saw a trial conducted with such perfect fairness and magnanimity on both sides; the gentlemen acting in behalf of the people, went not a step further than what was required by considerations of duty, and the Counsel for the defence left nothing undone that legal experience, and commanding and overpowering eloquence could effect. The excitement is now over—we are bound to consider the accused as innocent, but his case should be a solemn warning to all young men, not to place themselves in a condition where even suspicion of evil deeds can be fastened upon them, and fastened upon them by witnesses governed by no moral or just feelings.

Nothing could have been more painful than, under the necessity of the case, to see young gentlemen, of engaging appearance, all under the age of 21, ascending the witness stand, and acknowledge, under oath, that they are in the habit of visiting houses of infamous character, and of course liable to be compromised in any events of a fearful character, likely to occur in such places. Not only their own reputation and prospects are thus jeopardized, but the peace and happiness of their families forever destroyed. Above all, it is to be hoped, that no young man will ever enter into a written correspondence with lewd women, or place in their hands the evidences of guilt and folly. It is the net which they weave for themselves, and are sure to be fatally entangled in.

'Columbus, (Geo.) May 21.—The town is all bustle and preparation, and to-morrow morning Gen. White of Talbot, crosses the river, and penetrates the Indian Country, with five hundred men. Gen. Bailey of Troup, is near the Lee-wak-Lee swamp with about three hundred whites, and about the same number of friendly Indians. In this Lee-wak-Lee swamp are five or six hundred hostile Indians. An express had arrived to-day, saying General Bailey's men would enter the swamp to-day, and endeavor to drive the Indians out.'

The Charleston Courier, May 26, learns from a gentleman who left Mobile on Tuesday, the 17th instant and came by the Florida route, that the excitement on that line was very great, and persons were seen moving in every direction. He met the stage coming from the North, about 18 miles this side of Cedar Bluff on Thursday night the 19th and was informed by one of them coming from Mariana, in Jackson county Florida, that he was going to Mobile for arms, as they expected to be attacked by the Indians. On arriving at Mariana, they found the people busy in constructing a fort. The stage crossed the Chatahoochie River at Mount Vernon, on the night of Friday last, without seeing any signs of Indians.

The Turf.—We congratulate Sportsmen in this Province in announcing that his Majesty has been graciously pleased to bestow a 'King's Plate of Fifty Guineas,' to be run for annually over such course, in Lower Canada, as his Excellency the Governor may deem proper to name.

A petition to that effect from the Trustees of the Three River Race Course, & the gentlemen of the Turf Club of Montreal, praying his Majesty to grant to the Province this mark of Royal munificence, was by their memorial to Lord Aylmer, previous to his departure from the country, kindly taken charge of by that Nobleman; and by his influence and support, the application has been crowned with success; this forms but one of the many favors conferred by our late Governor in Chief on our Turf.

We understand that his Excellency Lord Gosford has been pleased to signify to the Honorable M. Bell, that this year's 'King's Plate' shall be run for over the Three Rivers Course, at the time that the Stewards and Trustees of that course may have fixed for the ensuing Races.—*Quebec Mercury*.

DR. CROLY'S SPEECH.

At the dinner of the City of London Conservative Association, on the 18th April.

The Rev. Dr. Croly—Mr. Chairman, as I have been called on to answer the toast, ('The Church,') I cannot hesitate to acknowledge the honor. Of course, I do not think of standing here as the representative of the church, but I must feel gratified in a high degree at hearing the name of the establishment so strikingly given, and so ardently received in the vast and magnificent assembly which I see before me.—(cheers)—Sir, I rejoice in the unanimous plaudits with which the name was welcomed as an evidence that the people of England retain all the old sensibility to virtue, and all their old homage to justice.

—(hear)—I used the word justice advisedly, Sir, for though the church of England love to have the heart of the nation, she is entitled to lay claim to its allegiance on the strongest ground of obligation. For I say it without fear of denial, that to her Establishment England is indebted at this hour for all that she possesses of true prosperity stumped up in the possession of pure liberty and solid empire. The proof of this is the most palpable order. It is remarkable that England is the only country of Europe which has, or ever had, a perfectly free constitution. The sublimest thinker of the ancient world, in his dream of political perfections, imagined a balanced government, and pronounced it a splendid impossibility. The Platonic dream was realized in the British constitution...Nor was this failure of liberty among other nations for want of many an eager wish and many a daring struggle.

The love of freedom is an instinct. The image of heaven has not so feebly vindicated itself in the heart of man as to have left him regardless of this great principle of national elevation. All from the earliest time have laboured for a constitution. All have successively laid the foundations; but then came unexpected evil. Republican rashness, military violence, iron despotism, or sullen superstition, tore up the foundation, or covered them with a morass of ignorance and blood. England alone both laid the foundations, and raised the superstructure. [hear, hear.] And what was the cause of this mighty difference? She laid the foundations in pure religion: she raised the superstructure with the sacred ceremonial of truth, justice, and piety; until, like the Jewish citadel, it arose, a temple and a tower—it arose, the emblem of mingled strength and sanctity, to stand, the great, the hallowed, the imperishable fortress for the oppressed and fugitive religion and freedom of all mankind. [cheering.] Sir, I express this the more directly, because we are familiar with idle attempts to deprive the Reformation of the parentage of British liberty. But how are we to be told that our liberties owed their birth either to the natural daring of the public heart, or to the fostering care of Rome? On the latter point common sense decides at once. The civil freeman never can be fabricated out of the religious slave. [cheers.] On the other hand no man rejoices more than myself in the high qualities of the native character...in its manliness and dignity—in all the noble aptitudes and powers of a people made to play a great part in the world.

But, I ask, where was the liberty of England before the Reformation! [hear.] Are we to dig it out of the grave of the Saxon dynasty? Are we to look for it in the dungeons of the Norman? Or are we to gather its fragments, like the limbs of a trampled warrior, from the carnage of the York and Lancaster fields? If the Great Charter was the work of times of spiritual slavery, must we attribute nothing to the inevitable course of human nature...to the swelling of the human heart against merciless chains—to the strong recovery with which the innate principle of freedom starts up against intolerable pressure—to the returning sense in the bosom of the lowest slave that, broken as he is, he is still a man? [Loud cheers.] Are we not to remember that the demand of the Great Charter notoriously arose out of the indignant feeling of the nobles of England at the tyranny of Rome—that it was extorted from a monarch who had covered himself with contempt by suffering the diadem to be torn from his brow, and trampled under foot by the Papist legate—that the immortal sentence, 'We will not suffer the laws of England to be subverted,' the '*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*,' which has passed into the inscription of British liberty, was the defiance of the Barons to a tyrannical effort to vitiate the Saxon law by the Romish? [cheers.] For demanding the Great Charter, the whole of the English nobles, with their prime, were laid under anathema by Rome. After this let us hear no more of the generation of freedom from tyranny. No! the cradle of human rights was never rocked in the cell of the monk. The sounds of national justice were never uttered from the wheels and flames of the Inquisition. [loud cheers.]—No, if we ask from Popery the egg, we are sure to be given the scorpion. From the beginning of the world to the end no such thing was ever found, as a popish regenerator. It is an extravagance in conception, an impossibility in nature, the last experiment of the most insolent hypocrisy upon the weakest credulity of man. [cheers.]

But am I not speaking undeniably as the sun at noon day, when I pronounce that our first actual possession of freedom dates from our first actual possession of a Protestant Establishment. Protestantism had given us true religion; but the Establishment gave us the startling splendour of that light from Heaven fitted to the organs of civil society. Thus, unlike the German mysticism, or the wild and volatile conversion of France, it gives us ardour without enthusiasm, vigour without violence, and the noblest zeal untarnished by the slightest breath of persecution. [loud cheers.]

I proceed, Sir, to substantiate the assertion, that from this period we reckon the birth of the British empire. What had been the result of our earlier struggles for dominion? Constantly warring, and singularly triumphant, all had been wasted valour and fruitless glory; even what we gained on the continent by alliance, we lost by war; at the close of a conflict of two hundred years, we were withdrawn into our own borders, and even the last crumbling memorial of British conquest, the fortress where alone on earth the British flag waved over an enemy's soil, was torn from our feebleness. But the Reformation came; and came with the donative of boundless dominion in her hand. In that day she founded our commercial and colonial throne. [Vehement cheers.] Like the old contest of the Deities for Athens the rival emblems of power and peace started from the soil, at the touch of the sceptre; but, unlike the war-horse and the olive of that fine fiction, the emblems here were conjoined, and England inherited at once the salient strength, and the rich tranquility of empire. [cheers.]—But the principle has undergone the test of both adversity and prosperity. If a still stronger evidence of the essential value of the Established Church to freedom could be demanded, it was given in the days of the Great Rebellion of 1648. Then when a conspiracy laid solely in bitter schism and reckless ambition, received on the overthrow of the monarchy what was the first object of assault? The enemies of the state had studied their tactics well; they knew what was the chief bulwark of the constitution, and they instantly assailed the church. The nation, astounded and deceived, deserted its cause. There was not then, as, thank God, there is now, a noble influx of loyalty and virtue rushing from the extremities of the land round its walls. [Loud cheering.] In the ignorance and surprise of the time its identity with the constitution was forgotten. The Church was broken down and through that breach, Rebellion poured in and stormed the Throne!—[Hear, hear, followed by loud applause.] And it is to be forgotten, that this foul & sanguinary conspiracy was in the express name of Reform—that its sworn objects were a purer liberty and a purer religion—and that its success trampled down both, and gave us in their stead only a sullen tyranny, and a frenzied fanaticism? But look to the new example. When it was the will of Providence to restore the constitution, what was the leader in that most glorious and permanent of all victories?—the Established Church. [Hear] Who were the strugglers and champions in the revolution of 1688, while the statesman was silent, and the soldier stood looking on? It was the Churchman who braved the tyranny and its tribunals. [cheers.] It was the bishops who were sent to the dungeon as the representatives of British rights, and they were the restorers of the British constitution. [Loud and long continued cheers.] And is it not even from that championship that we are entitled to date the perfect day—the more than reinstatement of the constitution? [Loud cheering.] That triumph shot a new vigour into the frame of the moral and physical empire. It had found that lifeless, but the breath it breathed into its nostrils was from heaven, and the clay became a living soul. [Vehement cheers.] That victory had no rival in the records of human triumph, whether we regard its means, its progress, or its consequences. [cheers.] Without shedding a drop of gore, it swept hostility from the land—without shattering the throne, it subverted tyranny and without inflaming the people to licence, it filled the national heart with the most glowing blood of freedom. [Loud cheers.] If, then, such has been the history—and we dare the hardest scepticism to deny that such it has been—what must be the conclusion? If civil freedom has been strong, or weak, in every age of England, with the strength or weakness of the Established Church, with what just scorn must we not listen to all cavils against the independence and honour of the Establishment? If we see the national grandeur rise with its rise, and go down with its diminished glory, what blind philosophy must it not be that doubts the connection, or asks for another cause of the imperial tide than that great depository of pure and solemn influence which sheds upon our darkness the lustres of the skies. [Loud cheering.] But to look upon the question in even the lowest point of practice. Break down the Church and what must be the consequence? [Hear.] You will always have a religion in some shape or other; for it is one of the exigencies of man it is one of the strong necessities of the human heart. [Hear.] But, instead of the manly, decorous learned, and loyal Church of England, you will have either a base, vicious ignorant, and licentious infidelity or a wild ignorant, and factious enthusiasm, or domineering over all the superstition of Rome. [Loud cheers.] Again strip the church of its property which it holds by a more ancient title than any other in the land and you

commit not only a fraud but a folly. Beware of the curse of the spoiler! You must make the clergy either pensioners or mendicants. [cheers.] Are you prepared to see the personal influence and popular ability of 20,000 highly educated men enlisted, by the mere necessity of bread, in the actual servitude of any administration that is ever likely to rule your country? [hear.] Or, if you cast them loose, will your knowledge of the common action of injury and despair upon the mind, save you from fear of seeing your country wrapped up in the perpetual flame of faction? [hear, hear.] Do I hold forth this as a menace from the church? By no means. The living generation of your clergy will be submissive and true, peaceful and loyal to the last. [hear.] But when you shall have driven them into exile or the grave then you will have another race to deal with, a new generation of your own, begotten in convulsion and shaped in popular conflict a band of daring fanatics or reckless hypocrites armed with weapons before whose edge no government could stand. [hear, hear.] Or are you still unaware of the measureless power of a hostile priesthood? Look then to Ireland. See in the little Romish church of barely 2000 priests how slender a shape can strike its sting into the heart of a mighty empire. [hear.] See the finger of the parish priest actually moving the whole machinery of the proud, list of all legislatures. [hear.] See his lips uttering the voice that bow the coronated heads of council as to an oracle. [hear.] Hear him from his turf altar haughtily commanding England to choose the alternative, the sacrifice of her constitution, or the separation of her empire. [hear.] It is on those grounds that we require, in the name of common justice, that we shall be molested no more by the virulence of faction. If we must perish, let us perish in the day. [Vehement cheers.] We fix the claim of the church, not on indulgence, but on right. We show her services. We maintain that the constitution has grown with her growth, and by her growth. But we call on you for more than defence; we call on you for energy, for your solemn duty to your church, to your religion, and to your country. [Loud and continued cheers.] We call on you to reject those conspirators against all religion and all liberty who come like the assassins of Cæsar with the petition in one hand and the knife in the other. [cheers.] In utter scorn of the rage of disappointed treason you must take the only steps that can restore yourselves to honour, and the empire to peace. [Loud cheers.] If you suffer the church to fall, in that hour you dig the grave of the constitution. [Im-mense cheering.] But the heart of England is still sound, and the arm is still strong. [Renewed cheers.] You must extinguish the triumph of tumult. Your institutions must no longer be insulted by the dictatorship of rebellion. Sedition must be driven from its hold let the cost be what it may. [Loud and long continued cheers.] It must be grasped at once, and the traitor must be sent 'to his own place.' You must plunge the evil spirit in the abyss from which it came; and having sealed the dungeon, enjoy the long and sacred tranquillity of the land. [The Rev. Gentleman sat down amidst reiterated peals of applause, which lasted for some minutes.]

Some of our London papers intimate that the resignation of Lord Melbourne may be daily expected, not altogether in consequence of difficulties in conducting the affairs of state, or from the prospect of certain defeat in the House of Lords on the Irish Corporation Bill. A circumstance has just come to light, which it is supposed will bring his Lordship into a similar difficulty to that which he experienced four years ago. So says the John Bull. The difficulty of finding a successor is doubtless formidable—Lord Mulgrave and Lord John Russell have been mentioned as candidates, neither of whom, however, it appears, is palatable to the King. In this dilemma, Parliament has been adjourned for the entire Whitsun holidays, which will give the cabinet time to breathe. This respite is quite necessary, for as the above facetious paper remarks the difficulty of finding a head for the Tail is very great.

The learned agitator of Ireland has been ousted from his seat as a representative for the city of Dublin whose election, as well as that of his colleague Mr. Ruthven, has been declared illegal and void. Our readers will recollect that when the contest took place, the most scandalous system of intimidation was practised by the *liberal* party.—Men's houses were marked in the dead of the night and their owners who had refused to vote for Mr. O'Connell, threatened with the vengeance of a lawless mob. It is therefore satisfactory to learn that the Parliamentary committee has upheld the cause of justice and freedom of election by ousting the agitator. Poor Ruthven, who was much respected had been ousted previously by grim death. Messrs. Hamilton and West are declared the sitting members. A Mr. Sullivan member for Kilkenny, has made way for Mr. O'Connell, by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, and the latter will, it is understood be elected for that county, free of expense.—*Mont. Her.*

The resolutions of the Lower Canada Assembly, of the 15th November last, and Mr. Papineau's letter accompanying them addressed to the different Houses of Assemblies of the British North American Provinces, do not appear to have been taken notice of in any of them, excepting

Upper Canada and Prince Edward's Island. In the former they were laid on the table by Mr. Speaker Bidwell, at the close of the Session. In the latter, they were entered in the Journals on the 15th April by a vote of 7 to 6. A resolution to take them into further consideration next Session was lost by the previous question by 7 to 6. The Legislature was prorogued on the 18th.—*Queb. Gaz.*

MISSISKOU STANDARD.

FRELIGHSBURG, JUNE 21, 1836.

Dr. Croly's Speech is one of the most elegant that we remember ever to have read. The fitness of the words to each other, and of the whole to the thoughts intended to be expressed, is to be equalled only in the writings of Horace among the ancients, or of those of Junius in modern times. But the chastity of its style, and the beauty of its diction, although both are highly conducive to effect, are apt to be lost sight of in the magnitude and importance of the subject,—namely, an assertion of the first principles by which civilisation is supported and advanced,—of the right of private property, in the abstract, and of the right of that of the strongest bulwork of the British throne in particular.

Our admiration of the talents of the speaker, almost carries away from our minds the surprise, that the boasted wisdom of the nineteenth century is so nearly allied to the repudiated foolishness of barbarous times. That the doctrine of invading private property, should even be broached, much less promulgated and insisted upon as the basis of what is termed *Reform*, is indeed surprising. Men in society possess but the laws of their country for the protection of their property; when those laws are held up to contempt and ridicule, invaded and overturned to satisfy the clamours of political sciolists against one rank of that society, every honest man must dread that the time must come when he will also prove a victim.

But if the security of property must be upheld from the general argument, derived from the practice of all civilised nations, it becomes tenfold more necessary for us in Lower Canada, to maintain the right of 'a Protestant Clergy' to the enjoyment of the Clergy Reserves. By the very Act, which establishes the Constitution of this Province, these lands are solemnly set apart for the support of 'a Protestant Clergy'; if then it be attempted to weaken the strength of that title, every man, who holds his lands merely from purchase of an individual, is exposed to have the consideration impressed upon him, that an individual's signature is immeasurably less certain than the pledged faith of a nation.

We forbear pursuing the subject, and hope that the question will not be thrown among Constitutionalists, as a golden apple, from which to create certain disunion.

A British Nobleman.—The Earl of Dalhousie has given one hundred pounds, in aid of the funds of the St. Andrews Society, of Montreal.

Acts of last Session of the Provincial Parliament for the following gentlemen are at the Parsonage in this village:

H. N. MAY, Esq., D. CAMPBELL, Esq., JAMES TAYLOR, Esq., Rev. JOHN TOMPKINS, Rev. J. BORLAND.

GENERAL MEETING.—We understand that it was determined in the Executive Committee of the Quebec Association last night, to request of the Montreal Executive Committee to agree to a postponement of the meeting till the end of July or beginning of August. It is indeed now too late for any deliberation on the part of the petitioners to have any effect in the present session of Parliament. At a later and less busy period, the meeting would have an opportunity of knowing what had been done this session, and be in a good time for the ensuing session.

The Constitutional Association have accepted the offer of the large house in *St. Paul Street*, formerly the property of Messrs. MAITLAND, GARDEN & AULDJO, for the meeting of the Convention of Select General Committee, which is to take place on the 23d instant.—*Mont. Gaz.*

Intelligence was received in this city, on Saturday last, that in consequence of the late heavy rains and great increase of water, the waste weir or sluice at Long Island rapid, Rideau Canal, had given way, and had rendered that great communication impassable. The damage is stated to be considerable, and as likely to require a heavy expenditure for its repair. The greatest sufferers will be the Ottawa and Rideau Forwarding Company, and the merchants along the route, as several weeks must necessarily elapse ere it can be effectually repaired. We understand that Col. Nicolls, R. E. was on a tour of inspection at the time of the accident, and has given orders for the immediate employment of la-

borers to repair the damage, and that the Ottawa Forwarding Company have already despatched some hundred laborers to assist in the work.—*Id.*

Mr. Stanley Bagg and Capt. Dyer have been returned at St. Laurent, to represent the county at the convention of Constitutional delegates.

Messrs. T. B. ROBE, ALEX. STEWART, and DANL. MCFARLANE have been appointed to meet Commissioners to run the boundary line with New Brunswick.

Comparative Statement of arrivals, tonnage and settlers, at the port of Quebec, up to 12th June 1835 and 1836:—

	vessels.	tonnage.	settlers.
1835,	364	111664	3985
1836,	338	136391	9822

Difference in favour of 1836—74 24727 5837

Number of Emigrants arrived at this port from the 4th to the 11th June inclusive:—

England,	2204
Ireland,	2213
Scotland,	135
Previously reported	4552
Total,	4909
	9461

Corresponding period last year 3985 About 1000 at Grosse Ile and coming up, but not yet reported.

The Golden West.—Lake Huron was still covered with a solid mass of ice as late as May 10th. An unusual circumstance, according to the *Detroit Journal*, and rendered still more remarkable by the fact that the navigation of Lake Erie is entirely free.

Board at Chicago, by the scarcity of provisions, is from D8 to D13 per week. In our Atlantic cities, in the best hotels, it is advanced generally to D14 per week for transient boarders.

MISSISKOU BAY, CLEARED,

	Pieces.
June 11, North America, Capt. Hoffing, 5300	
11, Napoleon, Capt. H. Tisdale, 4630	
11, Montgomery, Capt. Marville, 5400	
15, Emperor, Capt. Martin Dellen-back, 7000	

LIST OF LETTERS.

For St. Armand.

Nahum Green,	George Chandler,
Elwyn Bowker,	Thomas Blacklock, 2
Ephraim Town,	John Fay, 2
John Ingalls,	Eliza Scofield,
John B. Clark,	Daniel Clark,
David Guthrie,	

Sutton.

Nehemiah Morse,	Ira Janes,
Patrick O'Brien, 2	
Highgate, Vt.	
Andrew W. Barton,	

Births,

At Lacole, on the 16th instant, Mrs. Levi Stevens, of a Son.
In the Eastern Parish of St. Armand, on the 16th instant, Mrs. W. R. Searle, of a Son.

Married,

At Stanbridge, on the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Robinson, Mr. James Carter, of St. Armand, to Miss Orpha Coary, of Stanbridge.
At Missiskoui Bay, on the 14th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Whitwell, Mr. Austin Humphrey to Miss Harriet Ducl. Our thanks are due them for a portion of the wedding loaf.

Died,

At Caldwell's Manor, on the 12th instant, Sarah Keit, in the 16th year of her age.

FARMERS' MEETING.

Notice

IS hereby given, that a public meeting will be held at the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Township of Dunham, in the County of Missiskoui, on Monday the 27th day of June Inst, at 2 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of organizing an Agricultural Society, in conformity to the 2d. Section of Chapter the 7th, in the act of William the 4th, entitled 'An Act to make more ample provision for the encouragement of Agriculture.'
C. R. VAUGHAN, President,
C. M. A. S.
Stanbridge, 10 June, 1836.

Notice.

FOR SALE, one hundred acres of excellent LAND, in the Township of Sutton, being the north half of Lot No. 14, first range. Inquire of JOHN GIBSON, V2.11tf.
Sutton, June 15, 1836.

Last Notice.

Mr. Gardner is now doing good business in this village; he tenders his sincere thanks to his old patrons, and would inform the inhabitants of this section of the country, that in addition to the places heretofore mentioned, he intends calling on Stanbridge Ridge, Caldwell's Manor and Lacole; and in addition to the former terms, he will deduct one-sixth part from the price of all work brought to his shop; and work brought in the morning may be had the same day.
Frelighsburg, June 21, 1836. V2.11tf.

Card.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Phillipsburg and its vicinity, that he still continues the

Tailoring

business in its various branches at his old stand, Day Street.
Having made arrangements to receive the latest Northern and Southern FASHIONS, and from the superior quality and low price of Cloths, and first rate workmanship, the public will find at his stand inducements seldom to be met with; and, in returning his thanks for past favors, he hopes by unremitted attention, to secure a continuance of them.

Cutting done in the most approved style, at the shortest notice, for which nothing but Cash will be received.

N. B. WANTED, a BOY from 12 to 14 years of age, as an apprentice, for whose good behaviour security will be required.
DANIEL FORD, V2.11-ly.
Phillipsburg, June 21, 1836.

For Sale,

BY the Subscriber, a few Barrels of Flour, Pork & Mackerel.
LEVI KEMP.
Frelighsburg, June 20th, 1836. V2—11tf.

Look Here !!

THE Subscribers will pay Cash for Veal Skins.
May 21, 1836. L. & A. KEMP.

THE Subscriber will pay Cash for Veal Calf Skins.
H. M. CHANDLER.
Frelighsburg, 17th April, 1836. V2—2tf.

CASH paid for Veal Skins

AN APPRENTICE wanted.
PLINY WOODBURY.
St. Armand, April 21st, 1836. V2.3 tf.

THE Public will please to take notice that Mr. John Brown has not fulfilled, on his part, any part of the agreement he had with me. I will not be accountable for any WOOL that may be left at Mrs. Cutting's, or elsewhere, as there is no prospect of the Carding Machine going into operation at Lacole Mills.
JOSEPH BLAIN, V2.9tf.
Lacole, 3d June, 1836.

Notice.

MR. John Brown informs the public that he will receive WOOL at the house of George or Thomas Barnes, in St. Armand, and return the same free from cost of exportation.
Payments, from customers at a distance, may be made where the Wool is delivered.
JOHN BROWN.
Frelighsburg, June 14, 1836.—Vol.2. 10tf.

MIND THE DAY.

The Agricultural Society of the County of Shefford and Agriculturalists in general, are hereby notified that a meeting will be held at the Academy in Frost Village, on the last Saturday in June, at one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of choosing Officers for the ensuing two years. It is most earnestly hoped every Farmer in the County will attend; for it is believed, by joining the Agricultural Society of the County of Shefford, will prevent all future misfortunes.
P. H. KNOWLTON, President.
June 14, 1836. V2. 10. 2w.

\$10 Reward !!
WHEREAS the Shade Trees in front of the dwelling of the subscribers, were Girdled, on the evening of the 5th instant, by some person or persons unknown, the above reward is, therefore, offered to any person who will furnish the subscribers with such testimony as will convict the perpetrator or perpetrators, of the act.
JANE COOK,
JACOB COOK.
Cookville, St. Armand, June 11th, 1836.

PUBLIC SALE OF

Real Estate.

Will be Sold at Public AUCTION, on Saturday, the 16th day of July next, to the last and highest bidder, at the house of Abel Smith,

in the village of Phillipsburg, at 10 o'clock, A. M. the

House & Lot,

in the village of Phillipsburg, Missiskoui Bay, being Lot No. 20, at present occupied by Mr. Cooney, with the

Water Privilege

in front. If required a credit of two years will be given, on furnishing security with interest. For particulars inquire of W. W. SMITH, Esq. June 16th, 1836. V2. 10—4w.

NEW WOOLEN FACTORY.

THE Subscriber having completed and set the above business in full operation, would call the attention of his former patrons and the public generally to this subject.
Conditions on which he will manufacture cloth and do it honestly:

Wool

will be received in the Fleece and completed for the Tailor's use for one half; Flannel for three sevenths; Full Cloths of any color, will be manufactured by the yard at two shillings; Gray, one shilling ten pence half penny; Flannel, one shilling and three pence.

He will also card Wool by the pound, on short notice, and as cheap as can be done in the country.

Most kinds of Produce received in payment.
ABRAM LaGRANGE.
St. Armand, June 13, 1836. V2 10—3w

POST-OFFICE NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Deputy Post Master General having experienced difficulty in disposing of the

Notes of Unchartered Banks, remitted to him, there will not hereafter be received at this office any Notes but those belonging to the

Legally Chartered Banks of the

Provinces.
J. CHAMBERLIN, P. M.
Post Office, Frelighsburg, May 30th, 1836. V2.8 tf

Wanted

AN active lad to assist at a CARDING MACHINE and FULLING MILL. Any one possessing a good character and wishing to become acquainted with that branch of business, will meet with suitable encouragement by enquiring at the office of this paper.
May 23, 1836. V2—8tf

ST. ALBANS, MAY 31, 1836.

New & Cheap GOODS.

I have received and now offer for sale, at my old stand, a large and general assortment of

Fancy & Staple Goods,

including a large stock of

Sheetings, Tickings, Cotton Yarn, Candlewick, Batts, Wadding, Paper Hangings, Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinets, Silks, Bombazines, Calicoes, Muslins, Laces, Jacksonets, Bonnets, Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, &c. &c.

Hardware and Crockery.

Teas, Tobacco, Snuff, Sugar, Molasses, Coffee, Salaratus, Glass, Nails, Flour, &c.

All a little CHEAPER than my neighbors. Will Purchasers call and examine Goods & prices?

ORANGE ADAMS.

Notice

THE business in the Factory of the hon. ROBERT JONES, in the village of BEDFORD, will the ensuing season, be conducted by

MR. FRENCH PAIGE,

a workman of acknowledged abilities and experience, who has been specially engaged for that purpose.

Wool,

will be carded for

Cash down, 2 pence per lb.

Payable in January next, 4 cents per lb.

And after that time, 5 cents per lb.

All persons committing work to his care, may rely on punctuality and dispatch.

Most kinds of produce received in payment for work done.

Bedford, May 23, 1836. V2—8 6w

New Goods

IN ST. ALBANS.

THE Subscriber has just returned from New York, and has now opened at his Store, opposite T. H. Campbell's Tavern in St. Albans, a very large and general assortment of

Goods,

which he offers very low. His Customers and others in Canada, are invited to call and see them. He trusts his assortment and prices are such as will satisfy them that his Goods are good and low.

WILLIAM FARRAR.

St. Albans, June 3, 1836.

For Sale,

MY FARM, lying on the road between Henryville & Missiskoui Bay; consisting of 180 acres of land, upon which are

A House, Barn & Shop.

28th March, 1836. AMOS STOW. 51tf.

Star Tavern,



New Market, Montreal.

William Brown,

THANKFUL for past favors, would respectfully intimate to his former customers, friends, and the public in general, that he has leased and will occupy, on the 1st of May next, the house at present occupied by Mr. John Murphy, one door below his present Stand, having more extensive and better accommodations than heretofore, together with an addition of yard and stabling.

The Stand being very near the Courts of Justice, and proximate to the market offers great inducement to the man of business or pleasure, & he hopes by unwearied attention to his customers to merit a continuance of their favors.
January 27, 1836. 46—12w.

BOOK AND BOOK BINDING!

THE subscriber has just received and now offers for sale, a general assortment of SCHOOL & MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.

which he will sell cheaper for cash than can be bought at any other establishment in this vicinity. Ruling and Book-Binding in all its branches, executed with neatness and on reasonable terms.
JAMES RUSSELL.
St. Albans, Oct. 27, 1835. 13—1y.

Black Snake



WILL stand for the use of MARES, the ensuing season, at the stable of the Subscriber, in

FRELIGHSBURG.

TERMS—Five Dollars the Season.

N. B. All casualties at the risk of the OWNER.

JOHN BAKER.

Frelighsburg, May, 1836. V2—7tf

REV. H. N. DOWNS'

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College Street, Burlington Vt. }
January 12 1836.



Cash for Wool!

NOTICE

IS hereby given that two shillings currency per pound will be paid at the Factory of the British American Land Company at Sherbrooke, for clean native Wool, average quality, the produce of the Eastern Townships.
Sherbrooke, May 10, 1836. V2—7tf

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the principal Office of the BRITISH AMERICAN LAND COMPANY has been transferred from the city of MONTREAL to the Town of SHERBROOKE in the District of St. FRANCIS, to which place all communications on the Company's affairs, especially applications relative to the SALE or PURCHASE of LANDS, and for EMPLOYMENT, are requested to be sent, addressed to ARTHUR C. WEBSTER, Esq. Sub-Commissioner.

G. MOFFATT, } Commissioners.
P. M'GILL, }
Montreal, May 10, 1836. V2—611w.

PUBLIC NOTICE

IS hereby given that a WHARF has been completed by the BRITISH AMERICAN LAND COMPANY, at Port St. Francis, seven miles above Three Rivers on the South shore of the St. Lawrence, and that Steamboats and other Vessels may land or embark Goods and Passengers at the same, with safety and dispatch. The Agent of the COMPANY will for the present season allow free storage for such articles as may be landed at Port St. Francis for transport to the Eastern Townships—or brought to that place for Shipment outwards.

Office of the British American Land Company.
Montreal, August 1, 1835. } 19—tf

BRIDGE

OVER THE ST. FRANCIS.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN LAND COMPANY are now prepared to contract or building a BRIDGE over the River Saint Francis at Sherbrooke. Persons inclined to erect this bridge, will be required to furnish plans upon which they would recommend its construction, with specifications of the timber and materials required, and estimates of the sums for which they will complete the same, both with and without warranty for five years. It is desirable that plans, &c. should be furnished with as little delay as possible. Any information relating to the site of the Bridge, &c. may be obtained by application at this Office.
Office of the B. A. L. Co. }
Sherbrooke, July 20, 1835. } 16—tf.

THE GIPSEY.

concluded.
'Lady, there is a tie that links us in our wild way of life ye know not of; it is more than the affection ye bear towards your children, because—'

'Girl I have no children.'
'Then, Lady, you know not what a mother feels for her child.'

'Oh! that I had never known it;...and I might be spared long years of suffering.'

'I am sorry, Lady, your child is dead, for you speak kindly, and I think must have grieved much at its death.'

'Alas! alas! she did not die.'

'And yet you mourn for her, Lady?'

'Oh, my poor Jane! you were the sweetest child that ever a mother's eyes looked upon; and now, oh! heavens, what may be your lot! I cannot bear the thought.'

'Lady,' said Thamar, 'since you feel thus for the loss of your child, think with pity upon me; plead for me with your husband to give me back my poor boy, and I will pray, after our form, that your child may be restored to you, Lady there may be more in my beseeching than in thine—you may again be happy;—plead for me, Lady—plead for me.'

'Woman, I will do all for you I can.'

'Then, Lady, I will bless you.'

'You will not leave your child with me?'

'She is all that calls me mother.'

'Think of what you refuse.'

'Think, Lady, of my lonely wanderings without her I love.—How sad all things will be to me, wanting her I have so long cherished!—what a blank life will then be to me!'

'But you can remain near her; you shall want for nothing.'

'Lady, the wide world is my home, and the shelter of a house suits me not; we have our habits, as you have yours; and we cannot break from them, and assume others, more than you can reconcile yourself to ours;—it cannot be. Come, Naomi, let us to our tents, for Jabeth awaits us: Lady, we shall soon meet again and the time may come that I shall speak to thee more of what you would wish to hear—I shall not forget you meant me kindly.'

Naomi and her mother turned away, and slowly took the road towards their encampment, Thamar resuming her former silence, which was not broken till they arrived at the tents.

Thamar had caused much wonder to her daughter, by pleading to Bradley for her son; it was the first time that Naomi had ever heard there had been another of her race who called Thamar mother, and she now found some clue, though an imperfect one, to the bitter hatred borne towards the name of Bradley; but, whilst she could, in some degree, perceive the reason of her mother's feeling, there was much she could not understand, nor could she imagine why she had been kept in ignorance of circumstances nearly relating to herself.

The cause of Thamar's bitter hatred has been partly explained, but it will be better understood by a brief sketch of the object of her hostility.

Mr. Bradley was a gentleman of great wealth, living near Bushburn, in Derbyshire, and the mansion in which he resided had passed from father to son for many generations: they were looked upon as one of the oldest families in the county, in addition to their possessing considerable influence from the immense landed property which they had been constantly increasing.—The present possessor of the family property had married early in life, adding to his vast wealth by so doing. He had the character of being somewhat proud and stern, arising, perhaps, from the early indulgence of one born to share so largely in the world's favour, but this was not apparent save to those who knew him but little, since it soon wore off by intimacy. He was devotedly attached to his wife, who returned his affection to the utmost, and life seemed to promise all that happiness could bestow.

Mr. Bradley had hoped that his eldest child should prove a son, but it was willed otherwise, it was a girl: though this was some disappointment to his hopes, he loved it with all the affection a father could feel for his first and only child, and watched it with the same anxious solicitude as its mother: it was a sure passport to his good graces for any one to remark how like was the child to him, for in truth it did give early tokens of future resemblance. At times he might regret for a moment that it had not been a boy, but this soon passed away, and he forgot in the infant playfulness of his pretty Jane that he had ever wished it other than it was. When the child was about two years old, it chanced that some gipsies had fixed their encampment in Dove Dale, not far from the residence of Mr. Bradley, for a time they were harmless enough, and allowed to remain in peace, but this soon wore away, and the farmers began to complain loudly of the loss of poultry and other trifles about the farm-yards which were believed to find their way into the iron kettles of the wanderers, and whose absence therefore was considered very desirable. The gentry, too, began to find fault, in concert with their tenants, as they missed sundry articles in the shape of plate, and things of value that were portable, yet so cleverly was it managed, that the delinquent always contrived to evade detection, until one unlucky rascal of a boy was found trotting towards the tents with

something beneath his jacket which he strove to conceal, and on being searched part of the contents of Mr. Bradley's plate chest was found upon him.

As this was the only one they were enabled to catch under any suspicious circumstances, it was determined to make him an example to the rest: in vain the mother besought Mr. Bradley to spare her child and not appear against him, but he replied that the nuisance had become so great that some one must be punished. The mother replied that her child had been the dupe of some older party, and was too young to know the consequence of an act which she was even sure he had not committed, though it might seem against him.

The boy, however, was tried, Mr. Bradley appearing against him, and sentenced to be transported for life, a private intimation being at the time conveyed to Mr. Bradley, that in consequence of his tender years the sentence would not be rigorously enforced, but he would be separated from his tribe, taught some honest trade, and if his conduct merited it at a future day, receive a pardon.

The mother considered Mr. Bradley as the author of her misery, and vowed the most bitter vengeance against him, which, however, was little heeded. The gipsies almost immediately afterwards removed from the neighbourhood, and nothing further was heard of them.

The circumstance was altogether forgotten, for in fact it had scarcely been thought of, save by the mother, and the farmers again felt that their poultry yards were safe from the intruders.

Mrs. Bradley was one summer's day shortly after this, playing with her child on the lawn before the house, looking at it with a mother's fondness, as it tumbled upon the grass, when her attention was called to something taking place in the house, and she left the child for a few minutes to itself. On her return to the lawn, which was almost immediately, to her great surprise, the little girl was no where to be seen; she thought, at first, it might have strayed into the plantations, and these she examined in the most rigid manner; but without finding the object of her search, and despite the persevering and almost unceasing efforts that were made to discover whither it could have wandered, no clue could be found to afford the least hope.

Rewards were offered by the disconsolate parents to those who could give any information that might lead to its discovery, but in vain, for no one came to claim them, and all the endeavors of the servants and neighbours, persevered in for many days, were fruitless, for the child was never found.

Neither Mr. Bradley nor his wife from that time ever regained their usual state of mind, they had no other children to reconcile them to their loss, and were ever recurring to 'pretty Jane,' thinking whether it were dead or living, and if alive, what might be its fate. The cause, or means of its disappearance remained altogether a mystery. Mr. Bradley, in addition to his grief, at finding himself childless, saw, with sorrow, that his wife was ever accusing herself with the loss of her child, and but for her negligence it might have still been with her. It was in vain he strove to console her, and showed that she was not to blame: it preyed daily and hourly on her spirits, and though she felt his kindness in framing excuses, she could not forgive herself.

Mrs. Bradley had been much moved by Thamar's earnest supplication for her son to be restored to her, since it forcibly recalled the loss of her own child, and she felt for her as a mother, promising that if ought could be done, she would assist her. Her husband, in compliance with her wish, wrote to the Secretary of State, who did not long allow a person of Mr. Bradley's influence in the country to remain without an answer; he had informed him that the last returns had stated that the boy (now grown to manhood) was going on well, and had been taught a trade which he might, if he wished, follow with advantage; and since Mr. Bradley had interested himself in his behalf, the Secretary had enclosed his pardon, and orders had been sent out to furnish him a passage home.

Thamar had remained for some days in Dove Dale, where they had fixed their tents, loth to leave, and yet scarce knowing why she stopt: here were associations connected with the spot which though they reminded her of the cause of her unhappiness, yet recalled to her moments when she had been happy. The country around seemed familiar to her, and she felt more contented than she had been for years; perhaps, too, there was a lingering hope that something might be done by Bradley to restore her son, and this idea, which she could not divest herself of, kept her from removing.

It might have been a fortnight they had remained thus in the Dale, though each day passed so like to one another, that time was scarcely marked, when Thamar, who was busied without the tent, observed a carriage stop at a short distance from the spot where she was—a lady descended, and seemed coming towards them; as she looked more intently she thought she could recognize the figure of Mrs. Bradley, and a few minutes confirmed her suspicions.

As Mrs. Bradley approached, Thamar strove to think what could be the object of her visit, since she was assured it was to herself, and she felt convinced in her own mind that she was come to renew her offers to take Naomi under her protection,

and she as quickly determined to refuse her.

'Woman,' said Mrs. Bradley, 'you have not been lately to us; I had thought to see you again.'

'What should I seek? I would not beg, no, nor steal from you—what cause had I then to go amongst you?'

'You would have found kindness from us.'

'Kindness from Luke Bradley?'

'Yes, woman,' said Mrs. Bradley, somewhat sternly, 'from my husband you might have found it.'

'But not towards myself, and yet, for the sake of others, perhaps, I might—it is but little however, I have to expect from him.'

'The temper of your mind causes you to see things with an ill-favoured aspect.'

'Lady, it may be so—he took from me what, as a mother, I prized more than all the world. I besought...I prayed to him to spare my child, to think of its tender years,...all, all that a mother could say I did; and he would not listen to me; my boy was torn from me—and from that hour to this I have not looked upon him again; and yet, Lady, you think I should expect kindness from Luke Bradley—to you he may be good and kind; I cannot gainsay it; but towards a poor wretched being like myself, the sight of whom is loathsome to him, what is there to expect? You have seen life on its brightest side, and know not what such as I have to bear: our feelings are as quick and as keen as yours, but there are none to heed them, and we must suffer in silence where we are wronged.'

'Woman, your opinions are at variance with the world; the difference of right and wrong is not properly considered by you, and when you suffer for want of its due observance, you blame those against whom you have raised your hands.'

'Lady, my boy was innocent.'

'I hope he was so.'

'Indeed, indeed, he was.'

'It is of little use to consider whether or no he was so, the law deemed him so, otherwise, and he suffered perhaps as you say, innocently. My husband, as he may have appeared to you, thought his sentence far too severe, and has applied for, and obtained his pardon—here it is.'

'His pardon Lady! do I hear you rightly, and shall I see my boy again—my own dear Nemah: methinks I see him now, dark and beautiful beyond all his race, his long black hair falling around, his wild eyes, his form light and active; oh! what must he have grown to as a man? Lady, I have not felt as I do now for many a long year: may He that you look to in your hour of need never refuse to listen to your entreaties.'

'You will also find that orders have been sent to give him a passage home.'

'Lady, it is to you I owe all this; I cannot say how deeply I feel what you have done for me; and this will set me free again; what does it say? for to me it is all a blank, I cannot tell the meaning of these characters: Lady, I beseech you, read them to me, that I may hear what they say.'

'And he is free to wander with me once more; to be my companion, my own Nemah! Oh, Lady! I had never thought to be so happy; my dear, dear child, we shall meet again; but Lady, you seem in sorrow, your eyes are filled with tears.'

'It is the thought of something your words have brought to my recollection.'

'And you are truly sad?'

'It will pass away.'

'Lady, I feel for you, for something seems to weigh very heavily on your mind.'

'And is there nothing, Lady, could assuage this grief?'

'Alas! I fear me not; but, woman, question me no further, for there is a sadness on my spirits that will not let me dwell upon its cause.'

Thamar passed her hand across her brow, and seemed for a few moments much agitated, once or twice her lips moved as if about to speak, but she checked herself.

'What is it, woman, moves you thus?' said Mrs. Bradley.

'Lady, there is a conflict of feelings within my breast urging me different ways. I would do what is right, but there is something clinging round my heart that will not let me...a moment and I am myself again—the struggle for mastery will be over. Naomi,' she said, placing her hand upon her forehead, and gazing intently in her face, 'let me look upon these features; you have not my wild eye—nor raven hair—nor dark complexion; nor ought that doth resemble me, and yet I do love you as though you were my very image.'

'Mother, you have ever been to me all that kindness could be.'

'Yes, Naomi, our wanderings have been together, our resting place ever the same...our joys, our grief...no, not that, for you have not yet known sorrow, and may you never do so; but in all else we have shared together what the world brought forth, and never have you looked to the future in hopes of better days.'

'Mother, what could I look for; there is nothing I have desired.'

'Oh! Naomi, I have loved you but too well; nay, look not so, for I am not in anger. You know I never spoke unkindly to you, and would not do so now.'

'Nay, mother, I am sure you would not.'

'Jabeth, put together the tents that we may leave this spot, our course now lies far away.'

'Woman, before you go I would have you listen to me.'

'Lady, I know what you would say.'

'And you will not consent?'

'Let me reflect awhile—I owe you much, and would repay your kindness, but you know not what it costs me.'

'You shall have all that you desire; all that wealth can purchase.'

'Your kindness has done what all your riches never could—nay, had your wealth been ten times greater even than it is, it would have been the same to me, for poor as I am you could not purchase my affection: but you have found the only way to move me: listen, and with patience, for you will need it.'

Thamar paused awhile, as if in hesitation, looking at the same time with much fondness on Naomi. After a few moments she turned towards Mrs. Bradley.

'When my poor boy was taken from me, I looked to your husband as the cause of all my sorrow. I was childless, for he had taken from me my only child, and Lady, you know not in our wild life what are our affections, nor how I mourned my loss. Deep and bitter vengeance did I vow against him, and all belonging to him, and many a sleepless night did I pass, thinking how one so humble as myself could strike a blow that could be felt. I had remarked that in your arms you bore a child, on whom you looked with all a mother's fondness for her first born. I saw you press it to your lips as it stretched out its little arms towards you, and I perceived how anxiously its father watched as it played about, fearful at each moment lest it should fall. I saw how he loved it, even as I had done my poor boy, and then I knew he was in my power. My tribe had left, seeking a far distant scene; but I went not with them. I lurked about the grounds in your neighbourhood, avoiding the sight of all, and watching my opportunity. It came at last. I saw the child playing on the lawn, its mother had left it for a moment, and none were near to watch it, I sprang from my concealment, seized it in my arms, and flew rather than ran with my prize. I knew the bye-ways and paths about, and before night was many miles away. Lady, I know not how it was, but I thought I should have hated that child, even as I had done its father; and yet I grew to love it almost as I had done my own. I watched & cherished it with as much kindness as its mother could have done, for its sake I forsook my tribe, since I would not that it should be amongst those who had ruined my poor boy, and have wandered with none, save Jabeth from that time.'

'And the girl?' exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, in a frantic manner, 'does it live?'

'It does.'

'Tell me, woman, in Heaven's name, I beseech you, what have you done with it?'

'Lady, she stands before you: did not your heart tell you so?'

'It did, it did!' said Mrs. Bradley, pressing her daughter to her bosom. 'I felt drawn towards you from the first moment we met; and are you thus restored to me, my own dear Jane, after so many sad years have past? and now I look, there are your father's features, for you ever promised to be like him.'

'Lady, said I not she was like her father?'

'You did—and she is beautiful,' said Mrs. Bradley, as her eye beamed with proud satisfaction.

'I have if you wish them,' said Thamar, 'but here are the clothes she wore when I took her from you, I have kept them ever since; you may remember them and now, lady, we part for ever.'

'No, no! do not go, stay with us; you and your son shall be placed far beyond the reach of want, so you will remain; your time shall be passed as you like; you shall not be controlled, but do not leave us.'

'Lady, I say again, the wide world is my home, and I must wander as I have ever done. My habits and customs forbid me to do otherwise, you, lady, may be happy now you have found your daughter, and may you love her as I have done, Naomi, let me press you to my heart, it is the last time I shall ever do so, for in time you will forget me?'

'No, Thamar that time will never come!'

'And you will think of me sometimes.'

'Oh! Thamar, do not leave us, let me join my mother in the entreaties that you will stay with us!'

'Naomi, it is the only thing I ever did refuse you, and it is the last. Fare thee well, my sweet girl, and may you never know the sorrows of the world. Come Jabeth, let us onward, our resting place is far away. Come, come, and she turned away to hide her emotion, which the altered tones of her voice had almost betrayed; they descended from the rising ground on which the tents had been fixed, and as the winding path was about to hide them from the sight of Mrs. Bradley and her daughter, Thamar turned once more toward them, and waving her hands as if to say farewell, followed the path, and was lost to their view.

Jane Bradley remained gazing on the spot where she had last seen Thamar for some minutes. 'Thamar!' she exclaimed, 'Thamar,' and hiding her face in her mother's bosom, gave free vent to her feelings.

'Weep not my child,' said Mrs. Bradley, for though you have lost one who has ever been kind to you, there are those who will love and cherish you with all the affection a parent can feel. Think of the bright prospect that is opening to you, and though you may not forget the past, you will soon learn to remember it as but a dream of youth.'

OLD ESTABLISHMENT

THE subscriber gratefully acknowledges the liberal patronage he has already received and begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he still continues to carry on the business of

CABINET WORK,

CHAIR-MAKING AND PAINTING, in all its various branches; being supplied with a full assortment of materials necessary for conducting the establishment, and having in all the above branches experienced workmen employed, who he unhesitatingly asserts, are equal if not superior to any in the Province.

The subscriber further intimates that he has on hand a general assortment of finished articles in his line of business, which he would exchange for

LUMBER

or any kind of Country Produce. He has considerably reduced his former prices and intends making a still greater reduction, and hopes by strict attention, neatness and durability of workmanship, to merit a continuance of the patronage and support of a discerning public.

N. B. A liberal discount allowed for Cash.
DAN B. GILBERT.
Philipsburg, June 2, 1835.

PROSPECTUS

of the

Emigrant & Old Countryman.

This Journal is devoted to the Domestic and Local intelligence of ENGLAND, IRELAND SCOTLAND, and WALES.

The origin and the history of the Emigrant and of the Old Countrymen are known to all our readers. The two papers were by mutual agreement of the respective Proprietors united on the 7th of October last, and merged in one journal under the above title. The success so far has been highly flattering, and satisfies all the favourable expectations that were formed. At the period of the junction a great improvement was made, both in matter and manner of getting up, which the Proprietor has every reason to believe has met with the greatest approbation. The editorial management was assigned to A. D. Paterson, Esq., a native of the Old Country, and a gentleman of classical attainments and literary acquirements. His efforts have been crowned with success.

The Emigrant and Old Countryman is intended for use of the numerous British residents upon this continent—their details consisting of all the local news of the three Kingdoms; the numerous occurrences in the Mining, Agricultural, and Manufacturing districts, as well as the mighty Metropolis of England. The Internal Improvements, the corporation proceedings of the different towns and cities, remarkable Trials, &c., are faithfully recorded; also the sporting intelligence, state of the Markets, list of Bankrupts and Insolvents, &c. &c., all arranged under distinct heads, and adapted to such British residents in his country as cannot obtain access to the English papers.

The politics of the Emigrant and Old Countryman are liberal and impartial, and not warped by any feeling of party spirit whatever.

It is published every Wednesday at No. 77 Cedar-street, New York, at Three Dollars per annum payable in advance.

The extensive circulation of the Emigrant and Old Countryman among people from the old country, renders it an excellent vehicle for land and other advertisements, conveying information to persons lately arrived in this country.

The new volume commenced on the 6th ult., being the first Wednesday of the month.

The Proprietor and Editor return their hearty thanks to the public for the extraordinary patronage they have received, and pledge themselves that no efforts shall be wanting to render themselves worthy of it. As a proof of the rapidly extending circulation of the united papers, we may state that in the first three months after the junction, say from the 7th of October to the 7th of January, Four hundred and twenty four new subscribers were added.

THE LARGEST

FAMILY NEWSPAPER

IN THE UNITED STATES.

THIS is not said in the spirit of vain boasting but because it can, with strict justice be declared of the PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER, which contains each week upwards of TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY distinct articles, in prose and poetry. Literature—science—the arts—the latest foreign and domestic news—police reports—sporting intelligence—notice of new works—besides an immense fund of miscellaneous intelligence—the drama—marriages—deaths—price of produce, merchandise, stocks, &c.—engravings—internal improvements—rail roads, canals—travelling—agriculture, &c. &c. embracing every variety of topics that can possibly be introduced into a public journal.

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier now established for near five years, is, we believe, universally acknowledged to have the largest number of Subscribers,

20,000!!

The largest variety of literature, entertainment and news, as well as being the largest and cheapest newspaper published in the United States. Notwithstanding its enormous dimensions, it is printed on a splendid Napier Steam Press, with unexampled rapidity; thus giving the account of sales markets and news to the latest dates.

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier is published at the low price of 2 dollars. For this small sum subscribers get valuable and entertaining matter, each week, enough to fill a common book of 200 pages, and equal to fifty volumes a year, and which is estimated to be read weekly, by 150,000 to 200,000 people, scattered in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the seaboard to the Lakes.

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS and upwards have already been expended by the publishers of the Saturday Courier in Literary prizes and in payment to American writers.—FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS will shortly be offered in prizes for enriching its columns, the promotion of Knowledge, and the encouragement of American literature, of liberality believed to be unprecedented as their success has already been unexampled.

Orders, enclosing the address and amount of subscription and post paid, in all cases, will be carefully attended to, if addressed to

WOODWARD & CLARKE,
Franklin Place, Philadelphia, Pa.

RECOMMENDATORY NOTICE.

From the multitude of these, we refer the stranger to a brief extract, from one only for the sake of brevity, viz:

The Saturday Courier is the largest weekly journal published in Philadelphia, and certainly one of the very best in the United States.—[Pennsylvania Daily Inquirer.]